

The Blood of the Many

by Black-Spectre

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Summary: Master Chief fights his way through the constant onslaught of the Covenant forces, finding surprises along the way. Sucky summary, I know. Just read it anyway:)

1. New Kid in Town

Ok, this is my first story on fanfiction, so I guess I better start out with a short bio, huh? Well, I'm short to say the leastâ€”5'5" and 15 years old. I learned to live tho ĩ•Š

I'm into video games (obviously) and I'm an honors student in my sophomore year in high school (lucky meâ€”|.)

I like classic rock music, led zeppelin and pink floyd are my favorite bands, and I am trying my hardest to get a bass guitar for myself.

That's all u guys need to know about me, so I'm stopping here lmao. The story's probably gonna suck anyway, so if you actually get thru it, please review it. I want to know if it's worth updating it. Thx!

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo. :(

> > > > > > > > >

"Speaking"

> 'Thinking'
 _Memory or Flashback

> #Whispering#

> ::RadioIntercom Chatter::

> > > > > > > > >

::Okay, marines, get ready! Lock and load your weapons!" screamed the sergeant. "This bird will be top-side in any minute!::

::Sir, this is Recon Unit 14. We are inbounds and currently behind enemy lines. It's heavy down here, sergeant. We suggest landing on our side of the city. Over.::

::Negative, Recon 14. We need to land on the specified coordinates. We're carrying the weapon that's going to save all our asses! Over.::

::Roger that, sir. Landing zoneâ€|(gun shot heard through the radio)â€|is clear. Standing by for anti-infantry cover. Over.::

The Pelican drop-ship lands in between two large skyscrapers. The air around the landing zone is manipulated by the airship, blowing in all different directions as though it were a violent storm. As it lands, the sergeant jumps out of the cargo area and 8 other marines follow him. "Let's go, squad! We don't got all day!"

"Sir, yes sir!" they reply simultaneously.

"Master Chief, I'm taking off. It's now or never," said the Lieutenant piloting the Pelican.

"Hold your horses, Lieutenant," replies the Spartan. The Master Chief takes a small AI computer chip and places it into his helmet. He listens to the soft talking heard inside his head. "We've got a wounded boarding the craft, can you wait for another minute?"

"I can try, Master Chief. But as soon as I pick up something on my radar, I'm departing."

"Roger that, Lieutenant."

The Master Chief grabs the nearby magnum, loads it with a new magazine, and jumps out of the Pelican to catch up with the rest of his squad. From up above, the Recon Unit is watching all of this happen. ::So where's the weapon, Sergeant Cooke? I was expecting a new class of tank. Over.::

::See that oversized soldier with the Mach 6 MJOLNIR armor? Over.::

::Yes, sir. Is he the weapon? Over.::

::Damn right marine. Over.::

::Sir, I don't think one soldier can kill an entire Covenant fleet. Over.::

::Well, Recon 14, you obviously never saw a Spartan in action. Over.::

::Ahhâ€|the Spartan. He's the one thatâ€|::

(The sergeant interrupts the Recon's transmission)::â€|destroyed Halo. Yup, that's him. Now shut your mouth and cover us! We're goin' in! Over.::

::Yes, sir! Over.::

The squad departs from the landing zone and heads into the heart of

the city. To their surprise, they only get attacked by a few grunts and jackals, but to the UNSC forces, it was like cutting through a hedgerow. "Cortana, how's the wounded soldier doing?" asks Master Chief.

"He'll survive. He should be in the Pelican shortly."

Just as she finished her sentence, a large unit of hunters and elites storm out of a sixth-story window from the building to the left of their squad. "Holy shit!" shouts a marine.

"Hold your ground, men! Open fire!" commanded Sergeant Cooke.

Submachine gun bursts added to the already ear-shattering sound that surrounded the soldiers. They were able to take down 3 elites and a hunter, leaving only 2 other hunters and a seemingly never-ending battalion of elites.

Purple blood stained the Master Chief's visor as he charged through the ranks of elites, shooting them down with his magnum at point blank range, and simultaneously shooting ones behind him with his submachine gun.

Suddenly a large hiss pierced through the marines' ears. They did not need to see what happened, they could already tell. They instantly dove aside, still shooting at their opposition, and headed for cover.

Amazingly enough, the two hunters' plasma shots were not intended to wipe out the humans. Instead, it was targeting their only way out.

::AHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!...(the sound of static echoes in their heads)â€|.::

::Lieutenant!...She's gone; we lost her. Don't lose focus on our objective, marines! Don't let them frighten you! We've all done the simulations! Don't even THINK about dying on me! Over!:: said the Sergeant through his intercom.

The Master Chief thinks to himself, 'Yeah, but a simulation isn't like the battlefield. No matter how hard they try to mimic it, it's never the same.' The debris from the Pelican soars over their heads and landing on the back group of the elites.

'Thanks for the help, Lieutenant.'

The Sergeant jumps out from behind his cover, a small brick wall that was almost too small to even be called a wall, and motions towards the Covenant. "You want to see my blood, do ya? Well come and get it for yourselves, you shit-heads!"

The Covenant horde screams with rage and charges towards the Sergeant. #Hehe, that crazy son of a bitch. He pulls this trick every time.# Moving almost at lightning speed, Sergeant Cooke reaches for the rocket launcher leaning against the wall and fires two missiles into the crowd. Elite bodies fly through the streets of the ruined city, and only about half of the enemy remained.

Knowing exactly what the Sergeant wanted him to do, Master Chief reaches for a grenade and throws it into the confused alien troops. He manages to take out one of the hunters, as well as another group of elites. The rest of the marines come out from hiding and open fire onto the remaining targets.

After only a few moments later, the entire battle was over. Luckily, no one died in the skirmish and soon another Pelican dropped by to pick up the wounded soldier. The marines reload their weapons and, because of sudden reaction, immediately take cover. A large shadow just passed over them: another phantom. "Do they ever stop coming?" asks one of the soldiers.

"This wouldn't be war if they didn't, Private," says the Master Chief coldly.

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Well, that's chapter one. I hoped you liked it! I will try to get the next one up as soon as possible! Please review (or else there won't be another one!!!!!!)!!!

2. Any Color You Like

Yay, chapter 2 is ready! I took me a whole hour to finish it. It's only been 3 hours since I wrote the first one lol. Goes to show how boring my life rly is. I hope u guys don't live a scky live like mine!!! O well, on with the show! (or story, actuallyâ€¦.)

Disclaimer : I don't own halo, the brand name anyway. I own the 2 games, but I don't think that counts for anything here. :(

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"Talking"
> 'Thinking'
 _Flashback or Memories
> #Whispering#
> ::Radio or Intercom Chatter::<p>

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"Stop dilly-dallying, we ain't got all day, marines!" issues the Sergeant. "Low rank squad dropping in behind us!"

Several needle-like pods drop from the sky and land behind the UNSC marines. The front of the pods break open to reveal armed elites each carrying an energy sword. 'Not much of a low rank, to me.' Master Chief immediately picks up a plasma grenade and throws it into the center of the alien-infested area. It adheres to the side of one of the Covenant's pods and explodes killing most of the elites around it. The enemies' energy swords launch outward in all different directions. With the agility of a preying cheetah, the Master Chief jumps upward and catches one of the swords in mid-air. "Hell yeah, Master Chief! You know how to spice things up!" says Sergeant Cooke with a smile on his battle-worn face.

The Spartan lunges into the fray of battle-ready elites and begins the fight. The marines supply cover fire to help with the elites

sneaking up on him. Soon, it was all over. What they all did not know was that it had only begun. Through all the mist of slaughter and confusion, they had completely overlooked the one pod that did not open up as it landed. The squad kept moving down the street at a well kept pace.

::Sergeant Cooke, this is Recon Unit 14. We seem to be picking up a strange signal inside the building you just left. Over.::

::Well, what is it?::

Out of no where, the unopened pod exploded with such great force that the entire building collapsed within the next twenty seconds. Debris was scattered throughout the sky, smoke blocked out all light given off by the sun, and Recon Unit 14 was no where to be heard of.

"Damnit, our main Recon Unit is gone, men. We don't have any more reconnaissance teams on this side of the city. Well, this is a hell of a pickle," stated the Sergeant with a sarcastic ring in his voice.

"Cortana, do you think you can grab us a Warthog?"

"With what, my hands?"

"Nevermind, I'll do it myself."

Master Chief signals for the rest of the squad to follow him around the corner into a large open space covered in grass and trees. 'This place should be crawling with Covenant. Why is it deserted?'

"BANSHEES!"

Plasma shots came raining down from the sky. To the humans' horror, there were four banshees in perfect formation coming straight for the. They had no time to lose. It was either act now or never. As the banshees got close enough to ground, Master Chief jumped up and grabbed onto the right wing of the banshee. It was not easy to grip, but he found the strength to hold on and climb onto the cockpit of the vehicle. The pilot did everything it could to lose its hijacker, but nothing seemed to be working. Using the extra strength given to him by his MJOLNIR armor, he tore open the door to the banshee, grabbed the elite by the waist, pulled him out of the cockpit and dropped him into the streets of the city.

Now, Master Chief had all the advantage he could possibly ask for. Cortana says with a malicious tone, "It's three against one, it's unfair." Almost as though on cue, two more banshees swoop over a skyscraper and fly towards the stolen vehicle.

"Now it's even," replies the Master Chief.

With great precision, he shoots down two enemy aircrafts and barrel rolls the vehicle to collide into a third. He made the connection, which sent his opponent soaring into the giant body of water that ebbed against the west shore of the city. Copying his every move, two other marines were daring enough to do exactly what the Master Chief had done. Now they had three banshees. What else could they possibly

ask for?

It seemed that as soon as the marine took the banshee, a sniper shot came from inside one of the taller buildings and took off the entire left wing of the aircraft. It was sent hurling into a much smaller building, only four stories off the ground. The building exploded, sending the charred frame of the banshee flying outward towards the sea.

There were snipers everywhere. Luckily, they were not very skilled. The first one just had an easy target. ::Keep moving, don't give them a chance to hit you. Over.:: says the Master Chief to the fellow pilot.

::Roger that, Master Chief. Over.::

They dodged what seemed to them to be ten million shots. Then they noticed a shot that left a streak of smoke through the air. This shot was followed by another and then another. 'Finally. I was wondering where the other squads were.'

::Gray squad, reporting for duty, sir. What objectives have you got for us today? Over.::

::Keep Red squad alive. Don't worry about me, I'll be fine.:: answered the Master Chief. ::Marine, I suggest that you land. It's going to get ugly pretty soon. Over.::

::Yes, sir. Over.::

The marine lands safely next to his fellow squad mates. Gray squad seemed to have come prepared. Along with their snipers, they brought a Warthog. The marines were quickly circling the city's park taking down any infantry that dared stand in their way. The remaining squad members moved into the nearest building.

Out of the corner of his eye, the Master Chief spotted a large group of plasma turrets that were firing at the UNSC forces. Constructing a daring move within seconds, he heads towards the building. At a close enough range, he jumped out of the vehicle, and even without a pilot, it continued its course into the turrets. The entire story of the building erupted into flames as the banshee crashed into the building. Catching a flag pole on his drop, he slid into a lower floor of the building and instantly got to work.

He found a Covenant carbine rifle that probably fell down the flight of stairs it was next to because of the explosion. He picked it up, reloaded it, and flung it over his shoulder. He grabbed the emergency kit from the closet and took out a ten foot long rope. He wrapped the rope around a cable which stretched from building to building in a slight downward slope. He then tied the rope around his wrist, pushing off the wall, began his way into the building in which his squad was taking refuge.

He used the carbine rifle to his advantage. With the scope attached to it, he could easily find anything that could be a danger to the marines. He did not find much, but still enough that he saved at least one of his men's lives. Reaching the building, he crashed through the tenth story window. ::Good one, Chief! The Sergeant is in the warthog outside. Meet us down on the second floor. We're getting

ready to follow gray squad over to the Covenant's makeshift stronghold. Over.:: said one of the marines over the intercom.

In a matter of seconds, the Master Chief was down the stairs and ready to take on the Covenant yet again. "Let's get goin', marines. This is what we came here for. We're not getting' out of this hell hole until we're done." Master Chief exchanges the carbine for a battle-rifle and loads a full magazine into it. "Move out."

The two squads take out from the building, crouching the whole way, and keeping a sharp eye out for any signs of the enemy. "â€|â€|This way." The Master Chief motions them down the recked city streets towards the coordinates given to him by the Lieutenant in charge of Gray squad.

::Sergeant Cooke is closing in on our position, Master Chief. We could use all the help we can get right about now. Over.::

The Warthog containing the Sergeant and the two other marines pulls up in front of them. "I'm ready, how about you guys?" he asks with a smirk on his face.

"Sir, yes, sir!" shout all the marines. They follow the Warthog down the streets of the city, only to get caught off-guard by a hidden phantom. It seemed to appear out of no where and sent comets storming down onto the Warthog (it was the only thing visible to the phantom. The marines were taking cover in the shadows as they followed the vehicle). Flames engulfed the vehicle as it was hit by the plasma bolts and all they marines could do was watch in horror.

'Don't worry men, they'll pay for thatâ€|'

Taking out the sword he picked up before, the Master Chief walked over to the wall and start slashing at it. The other soldiers did not try to comfort him, they knew not the mess with an angry Spartan. He eventually cooled down and walked over to the marines.

The Spartan gripped the sword tighter in his palm and turned around to face the marines. "Sergeant, I'm going to follow that phantom. That bird is our ticket out of here."

"And if your not back in time?" asks the Lieutenant.

"Oh, don't worry. I will be back."

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Yay, chapter 2 is done. I think this one is a little too long, but you'll live. Anyway, review or I'll hunt u down like the animals u are! Jk, im not insane (yetâ€|)

3. Hello Old Friend

Ok, I've been really bored lately, so I decided to write a third chapter. I hope you enjoyed the first two, cuz I think that they could've been better. Please e-mail me if u like it cuz I RLY want to know!!

Disclaimer: Yes, yes, we all wish we could own Bungie and any other

Halo-related trademarks. But we can't cuz life is a cruel son of a bitch.

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"Speaking"
> 'Thinking'
 _Memory or Flashback
> #Whispering#
> ::RadioIntercom Chatter::

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Master Chief races down the abandoned streets of the city, following the above phantom as if it was his prey. It makes a sharp turn in mid-air and continues around a large building. Without any hesitation, the Spartan, who was still moving because of his momentum, stabs the sword into the corner of the building, and whips around the side. As soon as his feet touched the ground, he pulls to sword out of the cement wall and continues his hunt.

He managed to spot a ghost heading for him just in time, and jumped clear over the pilot of the vehicle. The elite didn't notice that his enemy had also planted a grenade on the tail of his ghost, and when he stopped to turn around, he was propelled forward into the wall of the building. The Master Chief goes right back to following the phantom without any regret.

::Don't even thinkâ€|..you dirty bastardâ€|.fuck, that burns!::

'Whose signal was that? It's not recognized on myâ€|waitâ€|No, that's impossibleâ€|.,' thinks the Master Chief. 'Could it really be her?' Now, the phantom seemed to have lost all control of steering and, although staying on its original path, it was swaying back and forth.

"Oh, by the way, Blue squad is ready to open fire at the phantom you're following," says Cortana. "The one with her radio signal."

::Blue squad, do not open fire on the airship! I repeat, do not open fire!:: orders the Master Chief. ::There is an ally onboard. Over::

::Read you loud and clear, Master Chief. Blue squad standing by. Over::

'Damn, how did she survive? Even she couldn't haveâ€|Kelly didn'tâ€|or did she?'

A plasma explosion ruptures the starboard side's shielding on the phantom. The ship swings to the left from the force of the explosion and scrapes along the side of a skyscraper. It rounds a corny in a sloppy manner and hits another building, scraping along that one as well. Another phantom comes out from around another corner, and as soon as it was a large enough target, the still-surviving airship immediately accelerates and crashes head first into the other phantom. Debris is sent speeding through the city streets, and the air is filled with a static charge from the sudden collision of the two energy shields.

The Master Chief didn't know what to think. 'Should I be happy? That's two less drop-ships to worry about. But on the other hand, a human was onboard. Was the soldier dead? No, not if it's who I think it is.'

Out of the thick cloud of smoke came a familiar figure with a Covenant carbine rifle resting on the right shoulder of the silhouette. #So, it is you.# The Master Chief could recognize that form from anywhere. The way she carried her weapon, the way her head was cocked to her left side, even the way she swung her hips when she walked. It had to be her. "Welcome back, Linda."

"Hey, John, long time, no see," replies the other Spartan. She had a strange mix of seriousness and joy in her voice. Master Chief knew she was happy to see him.

"It's Master Chief to you, Linda."

"Alright, big-boy. Didn't know we had to be so formal." Master Chief could see her smile through her visor. She winks at him and says, "Let's go kick some Covenant ass."

::This is Cortana to command-ship Mohican. Put Captain Rayes online. Over.::

::Cortana, this is Captain Rayes. What's the matter? Over.:: She didn't need him to tell her his name. She could tell through his crisp, low voice that it was the Captain.

::It appears Spartan 26 has survived the attack of Reach and was being held captive by the Covenant. She is now accompanying the Master Chief in his mission. Permission to take her along? Over.::

::Permission granted. Over and out.:: As he was speaking, Cortana and Master Chief could hear the cheering of the crew aboard the Mohican. He smiled more than he had smiled in a year. Finally, one of his kind were back.

The Master Chief soon noticed that the complete front side of her MJOLNIR armor was torn to shreds. "Linda, you can't go into battle like that. Their plasma shots will scorch you inside your armor."

"You know I never go into the battle," she says with sarcastic tone in her voice.

'That's rite, how could I forget? She's a sniper.'

::Blue, Red, and Gray squads. Meet me at my current location. I'm sending the coordinates over to you now. Over.::

::Yes, sir.:: answers the commanding officer of each squad.

"Don't worry, your armor will be repaired when we get back to the Mohican. In fact, they have a completely new suit waiting for you: the Mach 6," states the Master Chief. He steps closer to Linda and shows her the difference between the suits of armor.

Looking impressed, she replies back to him, "I can't wait. It's been forever since I got myself a new outfit." Master Chief always hated sarcasm, but he could learn to live with it for now. Another Spartan survived the attack on Reach; he was happy being able to see her again.

The three squads of marines eventually find their way to the Spartans' coordinates and are surprised with the new addition to their team. "Don't worry, boys. There's plenty of me to go around," she giggles as she speaks to the crowd of marines.

"Let's go men, we don't have any time to lose. This is it," says the Master Chief, snapping them out of their hypnotic state. "Lock and load your weapons, I have a plan."

"Well," Linda laughs, "this is gonna be interesting."

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Wow, that took me only 20 minutes to write. Ok, so please review, I'm dying from curiosity. I wanna know wat other ppl think!

4. Iron Man

Ok, chapter 4, it's ready. Probably gonna take a while to write #5, but I'll work fast for u guys. Until then, enjoy the story!

Disclaimer: I do NOT own anything about Halo. I only own my crazy ideas that are related to Halo. This really bites :P

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As usual:

> "Talking"
 'Thinking'
> Flashbacks or Memories
 _#Whispering#
> ::RadioIntercom Chatter::

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::Master Chief, we need you off of that rock, now!:: says Captain Keyes.

::I'm waiting to regroup with the others, we're almost ready!::

Suddenly, the squad of Spartans were ambushed buy a huge group of brutes. Taken by surprise, they had no where to run, and no where to hide. They immediately began firing their weapons, but to no avail. The brutes' tough hide was hardly penetrated by the Spartans' bullets. That's when everything went horribly wrong.

"_Kelly, behind you!" quickly yells the Master Chief, but not fast enough. Kelly was hit hard in the back of the head and fell face-first on the ground. "NO!! KELLY!!" He turns and faces an entire group of brutes racing towards him. 'Kellyâ€|whyâ€|.' Master Chief picks up Kelly's shotgun and pulls back on the pump. "Want it, fuckers?! You can have it!"_

He jumps at the front brute and shoves the barrel of the gun down its throat. Its eyes open wide before its neck explodes and blood is splattered all over the Master Chief's armor. He hits the next brute's head with the butt of the shotgun so hard that a loud crack is heard from the sudden breaking of its neck bones. Pumping the gun again, he jumps into the air and fires down on top of the brutes. The shells lodge into the crowns of their skulls and they fall to the ground limp. He spins around and takes out the last two with ease. "Lindaâ€¦ (panting in between words) â€¦ let'sâ€¦ getâ€¦ out ofâ€¦ hereâ€¦".

Linda did not respond. He looked around for her, but she wasn't anywhere to be found. Master Chief couldn't wait around and look for her, he had to get out of there. He met up with Andrew and Mike at the top of the hill, which was where they would be picked up by a self-piloted Pelican. This was the worst battlefield that they had ever seen: the human soldiers were being slaughtered like animals. Explosives were set off everywhere and the ground beneath their feet was scorching hot from the searing rays of plasma shot by the Covenant aircrafts. They waited for what seemed like hours, hiding behind rocks and burnt trees to evade the sight of the ever-vigilant Covenant. A sniper shot rang out from behind him and when he looked back, Andrew's body was leaning against a large rock motionless. The visor of his helmet was burnt open from the hot plasma beam and the entire inside of it was sprayed with the blood of his friend. He couldn't stand it anymore. They had to get out.

They eventually reached the drop-zone, boarded the Pelican, and took off from Reach. "This is the last time we will ever see this planet, Mike. I just wished we could've stopped it all. If I had kept my eyes on the radar, none of thisâ€¦"

"Stop killing yourself, John. I've seen enough of my comrades die today. I don't think I can stand losing another."

The sat motionless for the rest of the ride. The reloaded all of their weapons and recharged their flashlight batteries. Then the unexpected happened. The auto-pilot system began to malfunction. They needed to get off, and fast.

"Mike, grab the other jet-pack. We need to get the hell out of here!" He follows his officer's orders and equipped the jet-pack. They both jump out of the rear of the Pelican together and turn on their packs. "Mike, you ready? Mike? MIKE!!!"

The other Spartan's jet-pack exploded with only a muffled sound and no flames because of the absence of atmosphere. His body was left drifting off in space as Master Chief held back his tears and continued his course to the Pillar of Autumn. He never thought he would see any of his soldiers again. They had been his only friends, his only family since he was first drafted into the Spartan-II project at age 6. Now he was left with nothing but the company of the remaining UNSC marines.

"Gray squad, stay put. We need you to guard the entrance. Stay covered and don't give away your position. I don't want any more lives wasted out here. Understand?" says the Master Chief with a serious tone of voice.

"Crystal clear, Master Chief," say the marines all at once.

::Red squad, advance your position approximately 25 yards north at a six degree angle from your current stand-point. Over:: says Linda.

::Yes, Ma'am. Over.::

"Blue squad, follow us. We're goin' in," commands the Master Chief.

"Aye-aye, sir," says the Sergeant.

They advance into the military base at a slow speed, ducking around corners and hiding behind any sort of cover they could find. They were lucky to have lost only two lives outside the walls of the base; it was the biggest fight Master Chief has been in so far. Even with the losses that occurred, they did not lose sight of their objective and kept moving towards the center of the Covenant fortress.

It was not long until they encountered their first group of enemies. Mere grunts would not put up much of a fight, but it still slowed them down. Combining stealth with strength, the Master Chief snuck up behind all eight of the grunts and used the butt of his weapon to neutralize them without the others noticing each other's absence.

He motioned for the rest to follow him and continued forward.

::Linda, anything down these halls? Over.::

::Not anymore, no. Over.::

Master Chief could not get used to hearing her voice again. He still managed to crack a smile from her humor and continued down the halls of the structure.

"This is it, marines—out last stand. After this, we're shippin' out. If you want to live, you will do exactly what I say. I need three volunteers to stay outside these doors and guard them. Nothing is to get through. The rest of you will follow me into this chamber and kill all in our paths. No hesitation is allowed. Let's go," commands the Master Chief amongst his soldiers. Three marines volunteer to stay outside and the others ready their weapons for anything behind those doors. ::Red squad—NOW!!!!::

Out of nowhere, the interior walls of the chamber burst open, revealing marines which immediately fire upon the hordes of Covenant guarding the Prophet. They were taken by surprise, dazed, and had no idea what to think. But this wasn't enough, the humans needed more of an advantage. And that's exactly what they got.

The main entrance to the chamber is busted down by Master Chief, who comes storming into the room with Blue squad. Linda jumps down from where Red squad entered, and began to gun down the snipers around the room. Master Chief slashes at his enemies, using almost no energy at all.

The Prophet was trying to escape, but Linda couldn't let that happen. With one shot of her carbine, the Prophet was dislodged from his floating throne and fell limp onto the ground beneath him. Its head was left bleeding on the floor as the marines trampled through the bodies of the Covenant.

"We lost four members from Red squad, Master Chief," reports a soldier.

"Only two from Blue squad," reports another.

::Gray squad, how's the gates? Over.:: Master Chief waits for a response, but none is ever returned. 'Wastedâ€¦.'

"Linda, marines, let's get the hell out of here," says Master Chief.

"Master Chief, I don't think that will be happening anytime soon," states Linda with a worried sound to her voice.

"Why is that, soldier?"

"Look."

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Whew! I like ending in cliffhangers, sorry. O well, just read the next chapter, that's all lmao. Oh yeah, and please review!!!

5. Nobody's Fault But Mine

Here's chapter 5. Enjoy!

Disclaimer: I don't own anything! I have no money! I need a job!

> > > > > > > > >

> "Talking"
 'Thinking'

> Flashbacks or Memories
 _#Whispering#

> ::RadioIntercom Chatter::

> > > > > > > > >

There was no landscape, no horizon, nothing. All that they could see was smoke. Thick, black smoke filled the air around them. The air was heated, and the ground was hot. Master Chief was sweating inside his armor, thinking 'What have they done?'

Stepping out from the giant hole in the wall in which they were peering through, the two Spartans gaze around, but find nothing. The remaining marines follow them out of the fortress and into the blanket of smoke. The Master Chief turns on his flashlight and commands, "Follow my lead. I'll get us out."

The marines do as they're told and click on their lights. Feeling around, Master Chief stays against the walls of buildings in order to keep track of where he was. A sudden flash of green light takes them by surprise. "Holy crap!"

"Pull it together, marine! Just stay low and out of sight!" yells the Master Chief.

A pack of hunters walks directly past them and disappear into the smoke. "They're gone," says one of the marines. He moves out of his hiding place. The hunter taking up the rear hears a sound and fires

into the open. The plasma beam burns straight through the flesh of the marine and collapses into two halves. The rest of the pack turn around and fire in the same direction.

Linda dashes around, evading every shot fired by the blind-firing hunters. Thinking on her feet, she quickly tosses a grenade into the pack. It explodes, but with no result. The hunters' armor is too strong for one grenade to penetrate through it. The marines obviously knew that, and threw a dozen grenades into the fray.

The combined explosions tear through the bodies of some of the hunters. Almost as it was planned, the force from the grenades spread the smoke out from in front of them and reveal the rest of the hunters. But it also revealed their position.

Instantly, the hunters fire into a whole group of marines, ripping through the entire regiment. The marines did not have a chance.

Without realizing what had happened, the Master Chief opened fire into the pack of hunters, killing one with his battle-rifle. The hunters turned to face him and began to charge their shots for a second round.

The sounds of a sniper rang out from the sky. One after another the hunters fell to the ground motionless. Linda jumps down from her position on top of a two story building. "Well, fortunately for you, I was here."

Looking back at his original hiding spot, he sees the blackened carcasses and scorched limbs of the group of marines. The four remnants of the squad appear from their cover and turn away from the horrid sight. ::Cortana to Mohican. Get us the hell out of here. Over.::

::Pelican on the way. Over.::

"All we can do is wait" says the Master Chief surprisingly calmly, almost as though he had no clue what had just happened. "We thank those who have given their lives today."

"Don't worry marines, we'll be out of here soon," says Linda, comforting the remaining marines.

One of the marines leans against the wall and breaks down into tears. Linda walks over to him and places her hand on his shoulder. "It'll be ok, Private"

"No, no, it won't" says the marine, wiping the tears from his face. "W..we're all gonna die here. Those bastards" The marine picks up his submachine gun and grabs another one from the field of corpses. He reloads them, and starts walking into the smoke. "I'm not going down without a fight," he said unto the others.

"Get back here, marine!" screams Linda. He pays no attention to her and keeps on walking.

"No, Linda, he's right." The Master Chief exchanges his sword for a shotgun laying on the ground. "We're not leaving without a fight."

Master Chief runs in the same direction as the marine, and the others follow him. "No buts, you're coming to," says Master Chief coldly to Linda. She catches up with them and turns on her flashlight.

::Oh, fuck! I could use some fuckin' help over here! Fuck, it burns!::

::Damnit marine, fall back! Find cover, we'll be there shortly!:: says the Master Chief.

::No more hiding for me! They'll pay for what they did to my brother! These assholes will pay!::

::Marine, listen to my orders! I command you to find cover! NOW!::

::Hell, no!...(gun shots ring out over the radio)â€|::

#Damnit, marine. We need you alive.#

They receive no more transmissions from the lone marine, and quicken their pace to catch up to him. The smoke begins to thin out as they advance farther to the edge of the city. "He's on my radar. Double-time, marines!" shouts Linda.

The group of soldiers run to their comrade without any enemy encounters. It seemed he had cleared the way for them, leaving nothing but dead bodies on the ground. They reach the marine's location, and find him standing in the middle of an empty battleground on the west shore of the city. "Toldâ€|youâ€|they wouldâ€|they would payâ€|" he manages to say while panting. Everyone could tell he was injured just by the way he was standing.

"Don't worry, marine. Our ride is almost here," says the Master Chief.

"Iâ€|Iâ€|I don'tâ€|thinkâ€|I'll beâ€|getting onâ€|that bird, Master Chiefâ€|" The marine's legs seem to lose all strength and collapse underneath him. His hands open up and release the grip he had on his weapon. He falls onto the bloodstained sand beneath him and lays there with his eyes wide open. He struggles to say, "I'mâ€|coming...broth...er..." His last few tears fall from his eyes and slide down his cheek. The drip into the blood beneath his face and absorb into the sand. His body loses all sense of motion and his blood starts to slowly stream out of his mouth.

"Privateâ€|" ::Report to these coordinates. We're ready for dust-off. Over.:: The Master Chief picks up the marine and carries him to the edge of the water. The Pelican flies over to their location and the soldiers board the aircraft. "This man deserves a proper burial at home. His name is Jeremy Sanders. Get me his information."

"Yes, sir," says Cortana. Within seconds she responds. "His family is in Rimmington, a small isolated village approximately 3,000 mile from here."

"Pilot, we're making a quick stop before heading back to the Mohican," says the Master Chief.

"Roger that, Master Chief."

He lays the body down on a medical bed and sits down next to him. Master Chief rest his head against the wall and lets out a deep sigh. Linda sits down next to him and leans her head against his. "It's not your fault, John"

Master Chief just at Linda and speaks with a tone that lacks all expression. "I know, Linda. I know."

> > > > > > > > >

Wow, I almost cried while writing that lmao. Im too damn emotional for my own good. Please review it!

6. Home Is Where the Heart Is

Whoop-dee-doo, another chapter written for u. I don't know why I'm speaking in verse, its almost like im under a curse. I was very bored, had nothing to do, yes I have no life, it is true. I thought of ideas for my story, thoughts of strength, valor, and glory. But none of this is in but strength, cuz I try to lower my chapter length. So anyway, read this chapter or I'll BASH UR FREAKIN' BRAINS IN!!! (I know it doesn't rhyme, but I didn't bother to think of anything that rhymes with chapter)

Disclaimer: Guess what, I own Halo! (Police force surrounds me) Um he said it, it was him! (Points at a man walking down the street. Police force attacks him and put him in cuffs) Ok, I don't really own Halo.

> > > > > > > > >
> "Talking"
 'Thinking'
> Flashbacks or Memories
 _#Whispering#
> ::RadioIntercom Chatter::

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"You did a good thing for his family, John," said Linda trying to comfort her fellow Spartan. But nothing seemed to be working. "There was nothing else you could do. And you know it."

She was right, he did know it. 'That's why it's so painful to watch a brave soldier die, though. There's nothing you can do.' "I'm just glad he went the way he wanted to go: a one-man victory over the Covenant."

It was going to be a long ride back to the Mohican. It's only been sixteen hundred hours since he was last on the ship, but it felt like years to him. Ever since he was able to get off of Halo, the gigantic command-ship has been his home. The marines, the crew members, the bridge captains; they were all waiting for his return. He knew he was going to get an applause for his acts of bravery. He always liked coming in first, being the best, and getting the most attention. But it wasn't him who won the battle this time. Without the marines, he never would've been able to accomplish what he had.

"You never let the death of your comrades get to you like this. You've changed, John. It's almost as though you're a different person now," says Linda with a worried tone.

'She's right. I never let death get to me before. Why now? Why am I different? What am I feeling inside of me?'

They finally reach the Mohican. As Master Chief jumps out of the Pelican, he is met by his usual congratulatory appraisal. "You always this popular?" asks Linda.

"Pretty much, yeah."

The two Spartans enter the elevator, rise up seven floors, and exit the cramped space. They walk through the halls of the ship, getting cheered by everyone they meet. They reach another elevator and go up another three floors, and once again get out. When they finally reach the bridge, they are encountered by a tall, thin man with a goatee and a scar above his right eye. He says to them with a scruffy, scratchy voice, "Welcome back, you two. Glad to have you both aboard the Mohican. Ummâ€¦I don't think I got yourâ€¦"

"It's Linda," she said with a tone Master Chief had never heard coming from her before.

"My name is Captain Rayes. Reeves, get the armory lead up here. We need a new suit-up for our new crew member."

"Aye-aye, sir," says a young, gaunt man sitting at the computer.

Within seconds, a short, stout soldier appears at the doors to the bridge. He looks at the two Spartans and sees one wearing the old, destroyed Mach 5 version of the MJOLNIR armor. "I guess you're the one in need of new armor. Follow me, the armory isn't far."

Linda leaves with the armory lead and the doors close tight behind them. Master Chief catches himself looking at Linda walking away. 'No, I can't start now. Not after what happened last time.'

"Master Chief? Am I ever gonna get that mission briefing?" questions Captain Rayes.

"I'm working on it, Captain. Don't rush me," remarks Cortana.

"Haha, Cortana, I never get tired of hear your sarcastic comments," he replies.

#Well, he's a first,# whispers Master Chief.

"I heard that, Master Chief," says Cortana.

A loud roar came from outside the ship. Master Chief runs to the huge bridge window to discover the one thing he hoped it not to be. More Covenant. "Captain, I think we have some unwanted company."

"Reeves, sound the alarms. We need every marine on duty. Stephens, load the Archer pods. Cortana, fire up the MAC gun. When they get inside the kill zone, open up. As for you, Master Chief, I need you to defend this ship. Tell your friend to speed it up."

"Yes, sir."

Master Chief sprints down the halls of the Mohican to the armory. Linda was already suited up and getting her energy shields charged. "Linda, we're needed."

"As if I couldn't tell by all the sirens," she says sarcastically.

One minute later, the two Spartans are back down halls to the bridge. "How would you like us to defend the ship, Captain?" asks Master Chief. As he says this, a fierce crash is felt throughout the ship.

"That was a boarding party. I think you can guess what you have to do."

"Way ahead of you, Captain." Master Chief runs out of the doors and leaves the bridge. Linda just sighs and follows him out. They go back to the armory and Master Chief picks up two battle-rifles. He tosses one to Linda and says, "You'll need thisâ€¦", he picks up a sniper rifle, "and thisâ€¦", then he picks up a submachine gun and says, "and this one's for me." He grabs some grenades and begins to leave the armory. "Don't fall behind, Linda."

"Me? Fall behind?" she asks.

"You already are," answers the Master Chief as he exits the large room.

Linda rolls her eyes and runs out of the armory. "So, which deck did it hit?"

"14Fâ€¦took out an archer pod as well."

"So, where is deck 14F?"

Master Chief kicks down the door and looks back at Linda, who was standing there with her sniper resting on her right shoulder. "Right here."

> > > > > > > > >

Ok, im not speakin in verse this time don't worry. Anyway, review the story, please!

7. The Great Gig in the Sky

For some reason I don't think you'll ever read the end of this story lol. Its just gonna keep goin and goin and goin and goinâ€¦.a lot like the Energizer Bunny(Disclaimer: I don't own that either). So if you wanna read more and if u wanna kill me because yes, another cliffhanger, then go ahead.

Disclaimer: I can't believe I'm forced to write this. I mean, come on! Why would I own Halo? Why would anyone on this sight actually own what they're writing about? Aren't they already writing their stories in their shows/movies/video games, or whatever else they own? Seriously, people!

> > > > > > > > >

> "Talking"
 'Thinking'
> Flashbacks or Memories
 _#Whispering#
> ::RadioIntercom Chatter::

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The Master Chief rolls into the Landing Bay on deck 14F. He was not surprised to see the Covenant presence. He instantly fires into the group of enemies.

Linda comes in from behind Master Chief and begins shooting down the elites. Once their shields were down, she threw a grenade into the pack. A loud explosion follows screams of panic as the aliens scramble for cover. Their bodies are sent through the Landing Bay and their blood now stains the floor which their filthy footsteps had just recently desecrated. But they knew that wasn't all of them; there were plenty more pests to exterminate.

Master Chief jumps down from the balcony and lands on the titanium floor. A loud clank echoes through the room, alerting the rest of the Covenant that they had company. He reloads his submachine gun as his enemies begin to charge at him. Almost as though they were reflexes, Master Chief dives to the left, rolls along the ground and fires into the squad of aliens, not missing a single target. He stands up to check if anything was still surviving. Nothing.

::Master Chief, we've got company in 14D. Get a move on it. Over.::
says Captain Rayes.

::Aye-aye, sir. Over.:: "Linda, you heard him, let's go."

"I'm all over it, John."

Not used to being called that, he turns and faces Linda. "It's Master Chief."

Linda just sighs and heads out the door to the Landing Bay. Master Chief jumps up onto the balcony and follows her through the exit.
"Linda, it's this way."

Linda turns around and thinks, 'Does he really expect me to know this ship like the back of my hand?'

"Linda!"

"Coming, you little pain in the ass," she says to him with an angry tone.

The eventually approach the door to Landing Bay 14D, and, as last time, Master Chief kicks down the locked door and begins firing into the enemy immediately. He jumps down from the balcony directly into the horde of Covenant. He spins around in a full circle, emptying his clip in his sub machine gun, and watches as the bodies of the aliens collapsed. Out of ammo, the Master Chief picks up a needler and says to Linda, "Didn't want to help this time, huh?" He wipes the blood off of his visor.

"You didn't really need it, Master Chief," she replies sarcastically. She jumps down from the balcony and follows the other Spartan through a large doorway, into a room that she had never seen before on a

human ship. "What is this place?"

"This," Master Chief pauses for a long time, "is our engine room. It's a new, experimental engine that used hydrogen atoms mixed with sulfuric acid that propels the gas particles to such a high speed, that they particles themselves have enough strength to move this starship. Highly explosive, don't touch."

"But why are we here?"

"Because this is what the Covenant are trying to get to. They have no idea where it is, but they do know that the Mohican is one of the only UNSC ships containing this engine. If they can get it to explode, all ships close enough to it will. Our entire fleet surrounding us will be instantly wiped out."

"I don't like the sounds of this," she says. They stand still, waiting for the sounds of footsteps to ring through the corridors, but nothing is heard. After about twenty minutes, Linda leaves the room. "I don't think they're coming."

"Linda, don'tâ€¦" He was too late, she already left. 'Bitchâ€¦she never listened to her ordersâ€¦'

::Master Chief, theirs a phantom outside the ship. It seems to be cutting a hole in the side of the Mohican. Shit, it's through. It's carrying some sort ofâ€¦bombâ€¦Get out here now!::

Master Chief sprints to the door of the engine room and exits. Running up the stairs, he hears the sounds of grunts and elites talking to one another. He peeks of the top of the stairs and sees that Linda wasn't kidding. They had a bomb, and they knew exactly where to put it. They began dragging it in his direction. A sniper shot rings out from the balcony above them. An elite drops dead, and the Covenant turn to face their enemy. There are guns at the ready, searching around for a soldier of some sort, but they find nothing. Another shot comes from the other side of the Landing Bay. Another elite falls to the ground lifeless. The Covenant look around confused, not knowing what to do. Just then, the Master Chief comes up from the staircase and empties all his needler ammo into the group of extraterrestrials. Linda fires another shot, killing the only grunt left standing. She jumps down from a hidden balcony, landing next to the bomb. "Well, that was fun."

"Cortana, diffuse this thing," says the Master Chief.

"Already did," she replies. "So what do we do with it now?"

"I think I know exactly what we're gonna do with it."

Cortana pauses for a while, reading her carrier's mind. "You are crazy, you know that? MAC gun charging upâ€¦83...89...96...100. Firing preloaded ammunition. Master Chief, Linda, get this thing to the MAC station. We've got work to do."

Outside the Mohican, the MAC ammo pulses through a Covenant starship, splitting it in two pieces. The debris collides with its surrounding ships, rupturing through the remnants of their energy shields.

The battle goes on outside, as more Covenant ships keep appearing out

of slipstream space. They seem to be infinite. But their numbers would soon be dwindled.

The two Spartans drag the large, obscure bomb over to the MAC station. The security marines help them load it into the large cannon, and Cortana start to fire it up. "What if it backfires?"

"Then we all die," responds the Master Chief.

"And what are the odds of it backfiring?" asks Linda.

"About a 79 chance," answers Cortana.

"That's the best odds I've seen in a long time," remarks the Master Chief with a serious tone to his voice. "Fire when ready, Cortana."

"All heated up. Firing MAC gun. Cross your fingers."

The MAC gun explodes with an incredible force, propelling the Covenant bomb into the alien fleet. It makes contact with the lead flagship of the group and instantly erupts into a giant burst of plasma. The flagship's shields incinerate, along with the outer plating of the ship. The ships around it go off in a chain reaction. The plasma cores of each ship explode from within, scattering large chunks of debris throughout the battlefield. Only about half of the enemy fleet remained. "Nice shot, Cortana," remarks Linda.

"Why, thank you. I never get any comments from your friend, here."

"You'll live," says Master Chief coldly.

::Maser Chief, Landing Bay deck 16K needs help. Large Covenant boarding party. Over:: commands the Captain.

::I'm on it. Over::: "Let's go, they need out help."

The two Spartans run down the corridors of the command-ship two deck 16K. Once they reach the Landing Bay, they pause their movement for a second. "How big do you think this boarding party is?" asks Linda.

"There's only one way to find out." Master Chief runs through the already opened doorway. Linda follows in his path, and lays her eyes on the surprising sight below the balcony.

"Holy shit."

> > > > > > > > >

Yep, that's it. All I'm going to write for this chapter. It's longer than most of them, so I think you'll have to wait until chapter 8 to find out what the see. Until then, please review!

8. Victim of Love

Finally, I finally wrote chapter 8. Didn't think I would actually

write it until maybe a week later. O well, told u I nvr have anything to do lmao.

Disclaimer: Guess whatâ€¦I don't own Halo. Nor do I own any of the titles of the chapters lmao. In case u didn't notice, all the titles are the names of songs that I like lmao. See if you can name the bands (I bet u can't!).

> > > > > > > >
> "Talking"
 'Thinking'
> Flashbacks or Memories
 _#Whispering#
> ::RadioIntercom Chatter::

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The Spartans were amazed at the amount of Covenant forces present in the Landing Bay. Worst of all, they were the Master Chief's least favorite: brutes. He despised them so, ever since the day Reach was destroyed. His face turned red as his rage built up inside of him. Linda could tell Master Chief was angry at something. She hated the brutes too, for they were the ones that took her captive for the whole time. "Johâ€¦Master Chief?" she asks.

Master Chief doesn't respond. He stands motionless as he watches the brutes destroy the equipment in the Landing Bay and walk all over the bodies of the slaughtered marines. His anger finally reaches its peak and he jumps down from the balcony. "Ready to die, fuckers?!" he screams as he runs towards the brutes.

Spotting their enemy, they howl out a battle cry and fire their weapons. Master Chief dodges all of their shots with magnificent agility and confronts his first enemy. Pulling out a grenade, he shoves it down the brute's throat and pushes off its back. Its insides explode, spraying blood and guts all of the rest of the brutes and the interior of the Bay. Master Chief turns around and dodges their next wave of fire. Linda fires a magazine at the brutes, killing only one. She had forgotten how tough they were.

Jumping over a brute, Master Chief grabs its Brute Shot and points it back at its original carrier. He fires two consecutive shots, which explode and send the brute flying backwards in separate pieces. He spins around and empties the rest of the clip into the group of brutes. Three more fall to the ground motionless. Gripping the weapon tighter, Master Chief runs at the rest of the brutes. Using the blade on the back of the Brute shot, he decapitates two more aliens. He watches in joy as their furry heads roll on the floor. Linda continues to shoot at the brutes, but accomplishes close to nothing. 'Damn, he needs more help,' she thinks to herself.

Linda lands her hop from the balcony and switches to a plasma rifle dropped by one of the dead brutes. She charges into the horde of enemies, firing at them with precise accuracy. The plasma shots burn a gaping hole in the back of one of the brutes. It screams in agony as the pain rushes through his back and travels to the rest of his body. Master Chief fires his submachine gun at the brute and finishes off the suffering creature. He picks up its plasma rifle, now duel-wielding weapons, and continues to sooth his rage by murdering his most hated enemies.

By then, one of the brutes had already turned to face Linda. It

shoots at her, but she was able to dodge the plasma. But she was caught off guard on the second shot. The energy shield on her armor depletes and the titanium plating is immediately burnt through. She feels a painful sting as she collapses on top of her left leg. On the ground, she continues to fire at the brutes, trying her hardest to ignore the pain that had completely consumes her.

Master Chief watches in horror as all this happens. He felt his anger increase even more as it already had. He lunges at the brute that injured Linda and grabbed its neck. It lets out its final breath as Master Chief snaps its neck backward and tears it free from the rest of its body. He drops the foul creature's head and faces the rest of the enemy. The rest of the brutes are amazed at the strength of this one human, and continue to watch as the body of the recently killed brute sprays blood from its shredded neck.

'Kellyâ€|' He runs at them, catching them by surprise as he leaps over them while planting a plasma grenade on the head of the center brute. They are all torn apart as the explosion burns through their tough hide and any present armor.

He walks over to Linda and helps her up. He carries her over to the Pelican parked in the Landing Bay and reaches for the first aid kit. He fills her leg with bio-foam to sooth her pain and lets her rest in the Pelican. ::Captain Rayes, I have an injured soldier in Landing Bay 16K. No marines survived the fight. It's just me and Spartan 26. Over.:: reports Master Chief.

::Damnit, we need those men. Okay, Master Chief. Stand by for orders. Over.::

::Aye-aye, Captain. Over::

"Johnâ€|I know how you felt about Kelly. But nothing is going to bring her back. She's dead, John," said Linda, holding her leg to sooth the pain.

Master Chief shuddered at her words. He knew Kelly was dead, but he never wanted to admit to it. 'That's why I've been feeling differently. Ever since Linda returned, I began to remember about Kelly and the others.' He sighs and looks back at Linda, "Why did they have to die?"

"War is cruel, John. No matter how hard you fight, how many enemies you kill, you are always going to lose someone close to you. That's the one thing they didn't cover in out Spartan-II training: controlling emotions."

She was right. Everything she said was the truth. War was cruel. He was always the best at what he did, but he still couldn't protect Kelly. He hangs his head even lower and slams his fists against the side of the Pelican. Taking his fists out of the newly dented titanium plates, he walks over to the ammunition dropped by the marines killed in action. He takes what he can find and reloads all of his weapons. Master Chief looks over to Linda and heads back in her direction. She wipes the blood from his visor and tells him, "You put up one hell of a fight. Kelly would be proud."

Master Chief smiles at the thought of it. 'Kelly would be proudâ€|' repeating what Linda had just said. He sits down next to Linda inside

the Pelican. She takes off her helmet and inhales deeply, then exhales. "I just wish we could see them one last timeâ€¦" Linda says holding back her tears of pain and grief.

Master Chief brushes his bloodstained hands over her face, pushing her hair away from her eyes. "So do I." She looks back at him and smiles.

"At least we have each other, right?"

"Yeah. At least we're still here."

Linda tries to stand up, but the pain spreads through her legs and she falls back into the Pelican. Within seconds, a landing pod crashes into the side of the Mohican. ::Master Chief, another boarding craft hit the ship. They're in the Landing Bay left of your current position. Good luck. Over:: says Captain Rayes.

Master Chief slowly stands up and gives Kelly her sniper rifle and says, "I'm going in. If anything comes through that door, blow them to hell."

"Yes, Master Chief."

> > > > > > > > >

Oh, the drama, huh? Anyway, hope you liked it. I think it was pretty good. R&R!

9. Us and Them

For all you lovely, wonderful fans out there, I have decided to take part of me time and continue on with the story! (Applause). So, without further ado, I introduce to you: Chapter 9! (Applause again).

Disclaimer: I'm not rly sure if I actually have to write this for every chapter :) But im doin it anyway lmao. I don't own Halo.

> > > > > > > > >

> "Talking"
 'Thinking'

> Memories or Flashbacks
 _#Whispering#

> ::RadioIntercom Chatter::

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Peeking around the corner, Master Chief spots the enemy boarding party in Landing Bay 15K. He could tell that this would be a tough fight. ::Linda, don't worry about what happens to me. I need you to stay alive; that's our only objective. Understand? Over:::

::Roger that, Master Chief. Over::

The Master Chief takes a deep breath, clenches his weapon tighter into his bloodstained fists, and dives into the room. The Covenant turn around after hearing a clanking sound behind them, but they don't see anything. An elite with gold armor commands two of the grunt soldiers to search for any enemies. The two follow orders without any arguing and waddle over to the location in which Master

Chief was hiding. The two grunts disappear behind the steel wall, but do not return.

Master Chief release the grunts' necks and carefully place them on the ground behind him. He picks up one of their needlers, reloads it, and carefully looks into the room. 'Damn Covenant foolsâ€¦they won't know what him them.' He fires three shots from the needler at a grunt. They spear it directly in the back of its head, and explode, spreading its brains and blood all over the floor. The other grunts jump in horror as they watch the body squirm around on the ground before it completely stops moving.

The golden elite utters a few strange noises, and all the jackals in the room place their shields in front of the entire group of aliens. They all duck behind them, holding their weapons at the ready. They waited for something to come out from behind the wall, but nothing showed up.

'These bastardsâ€¦it's going to be too easy. Don't they get it?' Master Chief jumps out from behind the wall, throws a grenade into the group, and dives behind another wall. The Covenant soldiers had no time to respond and were killed by the explosion. All of the jackals and grunts were annihilated, which left the gold elite alone with Master Chief.

The Master Chief casually walks out into the Landing Bay, pointing his gun towards the elite. "You shouldn't have come, you're only wasting your time," he says to his opponent. He lunges into battle with his opponent, immediately shooting in its direction.

As the elite leaps around the room dodging all incoming fire, he wields his plasma rifle and begins shooting at the Master Chief. The plasma singes the energy shield, but it wasn't enough to deplete it. Yet.

The elite grabs onto the handrail of the balcony above them and swings up onto the platform. It fires its plasma rifle again, but misses his target each time.

Master Chief continues to empty his ammunition at his enemy. He was able to stick a couple of needle into it, but not enough take down the energy shield. Master Chief throws down his empty needler and jumps up onto the platform to follow the elite. He does this while picking up one of the jackals' plasma shields.

The elite sees the human doing all this and knows it will be hard to hit him while he's carrying the shield. He charges at the Master Chief, depleting the remaining amount of energy left in the battery of his weapon. His plan had worked, the plasma shield was burnt out. He picks up a fuel rod cannon dropped by one of the grunts and launches a shot towards the soldier.

Master Chief's reflexes get him to evade the cannon's shot as well as the next. His submachine gun runs out of ammo, and he exchanges it for his battle-rifle while rolling on the ground. He hides behind a cargo crate and reloads a full magazine into his weapon.

The elite shoots another round from the fuel rod cannon and sends the cargo crate soaring across the Landing Bay. The Master Chief immediately dives behind another crate for cover. Again, the elite

fires his weapon at the human soldier. The crate is moved by the force of the shot, and Master Chief hides behind another crate. This time, he peeks around the side of it and fires a full burst the Covenant commander. It hits it in the left leg, and its shield flashes as it slowly gets depleted.

Constantly on the move, Master Chief continues firing at the alien, hitting him in the chest each time. Its shield goes down completely, and a few bullets pierce its armor. It lets out a rough, blood-filled roar as a sharp pain fills its upper body. The Master Chief jumps underneath the balcony to buy himself some time in order to reload his rifle. When finished, he comes out from his hiding spot and continues to fill the elite with his ammo.

Ignoring the pain being inflicted on him, the elite commander launches his final shot from his weapon and draws his energy sword. It jumps down from the balcony and runs at Master Chief. "The Demon shall die today!" he yells in his own language.

The Master Chief was caught off guard by the fuel rod ammo, but was still able to dodge the shot. He felt a sudden urge of excitement when he saw the elite draw his sword. 'That was his biggest mistake so far.' The Master Chief jumps at the elite. "What do you plan on doing now?" asks Cortana.

"This." Master Chief grabs the elite's wrist and snaps it, breaking the bone inside. He rapidly grabbed the sword out of its hand and spun around, slicing at the alien. But he wasn't fast enough.

The elite had already picked up a plasma shield and deflected the Spartan's attack. The collision of the two plasma energies short-circuited the battery of the sword, sending a shock down the right arm of the Master Chief. He dropped the weapon, unable to control his own arm: it had been paralyzed. He picked up a plasma pistol with his left hand and fired at the elite. The charge was strong enough to take down the plasma shield, but now he was vulnerable to anything that the elite threw at him.

With perfect accuracy, a sniper shot landed directly in the back of the elite's skull. It collapsed onto the ground as it was spraying purple blood onto the cargo crates behind it. Linda came limping into the room holding her rifle in her right hand. "Pretty sad that you needed my help," she said sarcastically.

Master Chief just ignored the comment and tried moving his fingers. He was slowly regaining control, but he wished it could be faster. "I told you to stay put, Linda."

"You wouldn't have survived if I didn't show up."

Again ignoring her, he picked up his rifle. He could now feel his arm at least, and move it enough to hold a weapon. Master Chief walked over to Linda and helped her into the corner of the Landing Bay.

"Thanks."

"Don't mention it. Are you sure you're able to fight?"

"Judging by the way she saved your sorry ass, yes," said Cortana,

wedging her way into the conversation.

Just then, a second boarding craft hit the wall directly behind them, catching them off guard. "Another one?" asks Linda, surprised that she hadn't seen it coming.

The Master Chief just watches as the Covenant forces jump out of the pod and face them. Pulling his weapon into the aiming position, he tells Linda, "There's nowhere else to go. Now it's between us and them."

Linda puts on her armor's helmet and repeats his words, "Us and them."

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Ok, it's done. Thanks so far for all of the reviews and I hope you review this one right now. THX!

10. Handle With Care

Finally, I never thought I would write chapter 10, but I did. I'm so proud of myself. Anyway, I don't think this one was great. I didn't like the last one that much either. I hope you think differently, cuz I don't want to be the author of a sucky story. If you dare, read the chapter and review later. Thanks to all those who reviewed!

Disclaimer: I don't on Halo, bitch!

> > > > > > > > >

"Talking"
> 'Thinking'
 _Flashbacks or Memories
> #Whispering#
> ::RadioIntercom Chatter::

> > > > > > > > >

After locking her helmet into place, Linda raises her sniper rifle and aims at her enemies. She fires at one of the elites and easily penetrates its skull. The bullet rips through the other side of its head and lodges into the head of another elite behind it. The remaining forces gasp in horror as they watch the two bodies fall limp on the metal floor. They point their weapons towards the two Spartans and immediately open fire.

Knowing that Linda won't be able to dodge the incoming fire, Master Chief jumps in front of her and shields her using his body. "Linda, you can't fight like this. Go hide somewhere, now!"

"I want to fight, John. I'm staying here," she says coldly.

With no time to argue, Master Chief spins around and shoots into the crowd of aliens. He hears a warning alarm inside his helmet signaling that his shield is low, and hides behind a cargo crate. Linda does the same, taking shelter from the scorching plasma and razor-sharp needles. The ringing sound of the needles ricocheting off the steel echoes through the air as Master Chief impatiently waits for his

shield to recharge. Linda reloads her sniper rifle and then looks at him. "They aren't that tough. This'll only take a few seconds," she remarks sarcastically. Master Chief just ignores the comment and continues waiting.

They are both taken by surprise when an elite jumps over the crate and lands in front of them. Wielding two plasma rifles, he begins to shoot at the two soldiers, hitting each of them with accuracy. Without hesitation, Linda empties her entire magazine of sniper bullets into the chest of the elite, tearing its armor and shield to shreds. Linda just smiles at Master Chief as their enemy collapses into a puddle of its own blood. He exchanges his weapon for the two plasma rifles and jumps out from behind the crate.

Picking up two plasma rifles he found on the ground, Master Chief rolls out from behind the wall and begins to fire at the brutes. One of the guns overheats, taking him by surprise, and slightly burning his left hand. He pays no attention to the pain as he continues to slaughter the ape-like foes. Kelly soon follows him from behind the wall and runs to catch up with her squad leader. "Don't worry John, I don't die easy," she says while reloading her shotgun.

"Don't worry Linda, I don't die easy." Master Chief fires the plasma bolts at the grunts, easily burning a small path through the group. He jumps into the air to evade their shots and returns fire on them, again killing more of the enemy. In mid-air, he turns around to find one of the grunts shooting at Linda. At the time, she was too busy reloading her sniper rifle to protect herself. So, to save his teammate, Master Chief shoots one of his plasma rifles at Linda's threat, and continues his killing spree with the other. Within seconds, there were no aliens left to challenge the two Spartans.

"You okay?" asks Master Chief.

"I've been betterâ€|" replies Linda.

"Let's go, I'm bringing you to the infirmary," he commands.

Unwillingly, Linda lifts herself off the ground and limps over to Master Chief. He throws her right arm over his shoulder and helps her out of the Landing Bay. With their weapons at the ready, the two Spartans make their way down the steel-plated corridors of the Mohican. They reach the infirmary with barely any conflict and the head medical officer confronts them as they enter through the doorway.

"Lakewood, she's got a plasma burn on her leg. I already filled it with some bio-foam, but it needs some more attention. Radio me when she's healed, I'm going back out there," states Master Chief.

"Yes, sir," says Colonel Lakewood as he salutes Master Chief. He takes Linda's arm off of the soldier's shoulder and wraps it around his own. He takes her into the medical cryo-room and places her into one of the cryo-tubes. "Just relax. This won't hurt."

::Good luck, Master Chief:: says Linda before she falls asleep.

With this, Master Chief takes off down the hallways of the

command-ship gunning down any opposition in his way. Upon reaching the MAC firing station, he reaches into his helmet and pulls the AI chip out, then inserting it into the computer. "What was that for?" asks Cortana.

"Just believe me, I have a plan."

'He always has a plan.' She just shakes her head and sighs.

The doors to the MAC firing station explode inward, to reveal four brutes charging into the room. Picking up the closest weapons, the marines begin to defend there station. Master Chief joins the fight, starting on the front two opponents. With all of the combined fire, one of the brutes was killed quickly, leaving only three to fight. Carbine, plasma, and brute grenades are fired into the station, killing two of the marines and slightly damaging the equipment.

Master Chief throws a plasma grenade at the brute in the back, and manages to stick it. The brute's body parts are thrown throughout the station as the grenade explodes. The other brute is taken by surprise, and is also killed by the explosion. The marines were able to handle the final brute and afterwards got back to their positions.

Pushing the severed arm off of the keyboard, Master Chief looks back at Cortana. "That was disgusting," she says to him. "So, that plan of yoursâ€¦"

He begins to type some sort of code into the computer. "Listen closely, here's what I need you to do."

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Told you it wasn't that good. I'm starting to run out of ideas! Please review this chapter and give me some ideas for the story!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I'm desperate!

11. Tons of Steel

Ok, since I got such a wonderful review from some1 who actually GAVE ME IDEAS, I think I will use them to "enhance" my story a bit. It would be nicer if a certain SOMEONE gave me some ideas of her own, but obviously she isn't very creative. I'm sure you agree with me, Kelly. Anyways, here's chapter 11. Plz enjoy, I don't want to cry. But I will if you don't like itâ€¦!

Disclaimer: I am disclaiming the fact that I own Halo and any Halo related trademarks and trademark copies. This means that I do NOT own Halo and any Halo related trademarks and trademark copies, contrary to popular belief.

> > > > > > > > >

> "Talking"
 'Thinking'

> Flashbacks or Memories
 _#Whispering#

> ::RadioIntercom Chatter::

> > > > > > > > >

"You are out of your mind, Master Chief. There is no way I can take that chance," yells Cortana.

"Maybe you can't, but I can," says Master Chief without any expression.

"Do you know how many people we are endangering if we do that?"

"Yes—one. Me."

"Sir, are you sure this code is right? This will never work!" reports a marine sitting at the MAC computer.

"It's right and it will work. We just need some help from the Covenant."

"What?!" exclaim the marine and Cortana simultaneously.

"Believe me. Cortana, you're staying here. I'm going to report to Captain Rayes," says Master Chief.

"Good luck, sir," remarks the marine sarcastically. Master Chief just turns and faces him.

"The Covenant will be needing more of it than I will."

Master Chief takes off down the metallic corridors of the command-ship, gripping his plasma rifle tighter in his fists. Rounding a corner, he comes up on a squad of grunts scattered throughout his path. Without stopping to think, he quickly jumps in their direction gunning each of them down with ease.

Neon blue blood stained the walls, floors, and ceilings of the hallway as Master Chief continues his way to the bridge. He stops for a second in order to exchange his weapons for a submachine gun and a shotgun, and quickly starts again on his journey. Taking lifts up and down from one deck to another, he encounters only a few grunts and drones, killing them off with ease.

A heavy clank sounds from behind Captain Rayes and Master Chief enters the bridge. The Captain turns and says, "Why, hello, Master Chief. Good work on clearing the Landing Bays. Now—I have something from Cortana. What's on your mind?"

"Sir, I need you plot this course. Reeves, uplink datafile 1575243.UNSC.mod4."

The ensign types on his keyboard for about ten seconds before he starts repeating the data outloud. "3.19 degrees towards Beta sector. But Master Chief, that's a three-way collision course!"

"Exactly. Captain, this is where you come in. You are in control of this ship, so you take charge of this mission. I'm requesting that you give me permission to command a fleet of longsword fighters."

"Permission granted. Reeves, send the data to my computer screen. Master Chief, you better get going," commands Captain Rayes.

"Thank you, sir. I promise this won't fail," says Master Chief as he salutes the officer.

The Captain returns his salute. "I trust you more than myself, Chief. Now, let's give these damn alien bastards a taste of what Hell's really like."

At that, Master Chief once again makes his way down the seemingly endless hallways of the UNSC command-ship. It was not a far jog to Fighter Bay A-2, but it was overrun with Covenant forces. Using only one grenade, Master Chief took them all out, leaving nothing but corpses and blood on the ground.

The door to the Fighter Bay slides open and the Spartan walks into the room. "Marines, get ready for take-off." ::Fighter Bays A-1 through A-8, you are temporarily under my command. Load up your Longsword fighters with everything you've got. We're dusting off in two minutes.:: 8 blue dots blink on the Master Chief's heads-up display telling him that the marines confirmed the command.

The pilots in Fighter Bay A-2 grab crates of missiles and begin to stock their aircrafts with ammo. Master Chief grabs one of the grade 2M nuclear missiles and attaches it to nose of his Longsword. He also takes for fragmentation grenades and any extra magazines he could find. "Ready, marines?" he asks.

"Yes, sir," they all reply.

::Now, soldiers. We're off.::

Again, the blue lights blink to notify they heard him. Master Chief climbs into his Longsword fighter and signals to the control marines. They return his signal and punch a code into their computers.

The massive doors to the Fighter Bay open up. The planes are sucked out of the bay because of the vacuum suction. After leaving the Mohican, the planes' engines start up and they all begin to pick up speed. Blue flames burst from the rear of each of the Longswords , and soon the rest of the fighters catch up with the Master Chief and the A-2 marines. Within seconds, they create a scattered "M" formation and advance on their opposition. Master Chief switches on the com-link and says, "Okay marines, here's the plan."

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Done. And I hate it as much as the last one :P.Well, it's christmas and im tired, so there's my excuse :)Anyway, please review!

End
file.